

THE

Ladies Defence:



OR,

*The Bride-Woman's Counsellor Answered:*

A

POEM.

IN A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

*Sir John Brute, Sir Wm. Loveall,  
Melissa, and a Parson.*

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L O N D O N :

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THE

Ladies Defence

or  
The Art of Conversation

POEM

DIALOGUE

Between  
A Lady and a Gentleman

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# The Ladies Defence:

O R, A

# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

*Sir John Brute, Sir William Loveall, Marissa,  
and a Parson.*

*Sir John.* **W**ELCOME, thou brave Defender of  
our Right;  
'Till now, I thought you knew not how to Write:  
Dull heavy Morals did your Pens employ;  
And all your Business was to pall our Joy:  
With frightful Tales our Ears you still did grate,  
And we with awful Reverence heard you prate;  
Heard you declaim on Vice, and blame the Times;  
Because we impudently shar'd your Crimes;  
Those darling Sins you wholly wou'd ingross:  
And when disturb'd, and fretting at your loss,  
With whining Tones, and a pretended Zeal,  
Saw you the Rancour of your Minds Reveal:  
Till now, none of your Tribe were ever kind,  
Good Humour is alone to you confin'd;

You, who against those Terrors of our Lives,  
 Those worst of Plagues, those Furies call'd our  
 (Wives,

Have shew'd your Anger in a Strain Divine,  
 Resentment sparkles in each poignant Line.  
 Sure you've the Fate of wretched Husbands met,  
 And 'tis your own Misfortune you Regret;  
 You cou'd not else with such a feeling Sense  
 Expatiate on each Fault, and Blazon each Offence.  
 How happy, O Sir *William*, is your Life!  
 You have not known the Trouble of a Wife:  
 Your Rural Cares you undisturb'd can mind,  
 And 'midst your Brutal Subjects Pleasure find:  
 Your Snowy Flocks you with delight can view,  
 They are both innocent, and pretty too;  
 And when from Business you your Thoughts un-  
 (bend,

You can with Joy the Noble Chase attend,  
 Or when you please Drink freely with a Friend.  
 No frowning Female stands observing by,  
 No Children fright you with their hideous Cry;  
 None dare contend; none your Commands dispute;  
 You like the Great *Mogul*, are Absolute:  
 Supream in all things; from our Slavery free,  
 And tast the Sweets of envy'd Liberty.

*Sir William.* The beauteous Sex I ever did revere,  
 And can't with patience these Reflections hear:  
 To them I've long a constant Homage pay'd,  
 And with Delight each Charming Face survey'd.  
 I've had of Mistresses a numerous Store,  
 The fam'd *Anacreon* could not boast of more;  
 Yet each was Good, each with Perfections blest,  
 And each by turns has triumph'd in my Breast.

That

That I'm unmarried, is my Fate, not Choice:  
 I in a happy Bondage should rejoyce;  
 And thank my Stars, if they wou'd yet incline  
 Some lovely She to be for ever mine:  
 Then wonder not to hear me take their Part,  
 And plead for the dear Idols of my Heart.  
 Spightful Invectives shou'd no Patrons find,  
 They are the Shame, and Venom of the Mind.

*Parson.* Not led by Passion, but by Zeal inspir'd,  
 I've told the Women what's of them requir'd:  
 Shew'd them their Duty in the clearest Light,  
 Adorn'd with all the Charms that cou'd invite:  
 Taught them their Husband to Obey and Please,  
 And to their Humours sacrifice their Ease:  
 Give up their Reason, and their Wills resign,  
 And every Look, and every Thought confine.  
 Sure, this Detraction you can't justly call?  
 'Tis kindly meant, and 'tis address'd to All.

*Melissa.* Must Men command, and we alone obey,  
 As if design'd for Arbitrary Sway:  
 Born petty Monarchs, and, like *Homer's* Gods,  
 See all subjected to their haughty Nods?  
*Narcissus*-like, you your own Graces view,  
 Think none deserve to be admir'd but you:  
 Your own Perfections always you adore,  
 And think all others despicably Poor:  
 We have our Faults, but you are all Divine,  
 Wisdom does in your meanest Actions shine:  
 Just, Pious, Chast, from every Passion free,  
 By Learning rais'd above Humanity.  
 For every Failure you a Covering find:  
 Rage is a Noble Bravery of Mind

Revenge, a Tribute due to injur'd Fame;  
 And Pride, but what transcendant Worth does claim:  
 Cowards are Wary, and the Dull are Grave,  
 Fops are Genteel, and Hectoring Bullies Brave:  
 Such as live High, regardless of Expence,  
 Are Generous Men, and ever bless'd with Sense:  
 Base Avarice Frugality you call,  
 And he's a prudent Man who grasps at all:  
 Who to be Rich, does Labour, Cheat, and Lie;  
 Does to himself the Sweets of Life deny,  
 And wretched lives, that he may wealthy dye.  
 Thus to each Vice you give some specious Name,  
 And with bright Colours varnish o're your Shame.  
 But unto us is there no Deference due?  
 Must we pay all, and look for none from you?  
 Why are not Husbands taught as well as we;  
 Must they from all Restraints, all Laws be free?  
 Passive Obedience you've to us transferr'd,  
 And we must drudge in Paths where you have  
 (err'd:

That antiquated Doctrine you disown;  
 'Tis now your Scorn, and fit for us alone.

*Parson.* Love and Respect, are, I must own, your  
 But not till there's Obedience paid by you: (due,  
 Submission, and a studious Care to please,  
 May give a Right to Favours great as these:  
 But if Subjection is by you deny'd,  
 You'll fall the unpitty'd Victims of your Pride:  
 We then all Husband justly may appear,  
 And Talk, and Frown, 'till we have taught your  
 (Fear.

*Sir John.* Yes, as we please, we may our Wives  
 chastise,  
 'Tis the Prerogative of being Wise:

They

They are but Fools, and must as such be us'd  
Heaven! how I blush to see our Pow'r abus'd  
To see Men doat upon a Female Face,  
And all the Manly Roughness of their Sex disgrace!

*Mel.* Not thus you talk'd when you *Lignera* lov'd,  
By softer Passion, sure your Soul was mov'd,  
Then at her Feet, false Man, you flattering lay,  
And pray'd, and vow'd, and sigh'd your Hours  
(away;  
Admir'd her Face, her Shape, her Mein, her Air,  
And swore that none was so divinely fair;  
None had such Charms, none else the wondrous Art  
To gain th' intire possession of your Heart.  
Having expended your whole Stock of Sense,  
And quite exhausted all your Eloquence,  
When not one Phrase was left of all your Store,  
Asham'd to have it known you were so poor,  
You made your Silence want of words supply,  
And look'd, as if your Love wou'd make you die:  
Shew'd all your Art, your Native Guile display'd,  
And gaz'd till you had won the thoughtless Maid.

*Sir John.* I lov'd her, 'till to her I was confin'd:  
But who can long to what's his own be kind?  
Plagues seize the Wretch who ty'd the cursed Knot,  
Let him be damn'd: Eternally forgot.

*Mel.* There spoke the Husband; all the Fiend re-  
(veal'd:  
Your Passion utters what's by most conceal'd.  
O that my Sex safe Infidels would live,  
And no more Credit to your Flatteries give.  
Mistrust your Vows, despise your little Arts,  
And keep a constant Guard upon their Hearts.  
Unhappy they, who by their Duty led,  
Are made the Partners of a hated Bed;

And by their Fathers Avarice or Pride,  
 To Empty Fops, or Nauseous Clowns are ty'd;  
 Or else constrain'd to give up all their Charms  
 Into an old ill-humour'd Husbands Arms,  
 Who hugs his Bags, and never was inclin'd  
 To be to ought besides his Money kind,  
 On that he dotes, and to increase his Wealth,  
 Wou'd Sacrifice his Conscience, Ease and Health,  
 Give up his Children, and devorce his Wife,  
 And live a Stranger to the Joys of Life.  
 Who's always positive in what is Ill,  
 And still a Slave to his imperious Will:  
 Averse to any thing he thinks will please,  
 Still Sick, and still in love with his Disease:  
 With Fears, with Discontent, with Envy curst,  
 To all uneasie, and himself the worst.  
 A spiteful Censor of the present Age,  
 Or dully jesting, or deform'd with Rage.  
 These call for Pity, since it is their Fate;  
 Their Friends, not they, their Miseries create:  
 They are like Victims to the Altar led,  
 Born for Destruction, and for Ruin bred:  
 Forc'd to sigh out each long revolving Year,  
 And see their Lives all spent in Toil and Care,  
 But such as may be from this Bondage free,  
 Who've no Abridgers of their Liberty;  
 No cruel Parents, no imposing Friends,  
 To make 'em wretched for their private Ends,  
 From me shall no Commiseration have,  
 If they themselves to barbarous Men enslave.  
 They'd better Wed among the Savage kind,  
 And be to generous Lyons still confin'd;  
 Or match'd to Tygers, who would gentler prove  
 Than you, who talk of Piety and Love,

Words, whose Sense, you never understood,  
And for that Reason, are not kind, nor good.

*Parf.* Why all this Rage? we merit not your hate;  
'Tis you alone disturb the Marriage State:

If to your Lords you strict Allegiance pay'd,  
And their Commands submissively obey'd,

If like wise Eastern Slaves with trembling Awe  
You watch'd their looks, and made their Will your

(Law,  
You wou'd both Kindness and Protection gain,  
And find your duteous Care was not in vain.

This, I advis'd, this, I your Sex have taught;  
And ought Instruction to be call'd a Fault?

Your Duty was I knew the harder part;  
Obedience being a harsh, uneasy Art:

The Skill to Govern, Men with ease can learn;  
We're soon instructed in our own Concern.

But you need all the Aid that I can give,  
To make you unrepining Vassals live.

Heav'n, you must own, to you has been less kind,  
You cannot boast our Sreadiness of Mind,

Nor is your Knowledge half so unconfin'd;  
We can beyond the Bounds of Nature see,

And dare to Fathom vast Infinity.  
Then soar aloft, and view the Worlds on high,

And all the inmost Mansions of the Sky;  
Gaze on the Wonders, on the Beauties there,

And talk with the bright Phantoms of the Air:  
Observe their Customs, Policy and State,

And pry into the dark Intrigues of Fate:  
Nay more than this, we Atoms can divide,

And all the Questions of the Schools decide:

Turn

Turn Falſehood into Truth, and Impudenceto }  
 Change Malice into Zeal, and Infamy to Fame, } (Shame;  
 Makes Vices Virtues, Honour but a Name,  
 Nothing's too hard for our Almighty Senſe,  
 But you, not bleſt with *Phæbus* influence,  
 Wither in Shades ; with nauſeous dulneſs curſt,  
 Born Fools, and by reſembling Ideots Nurſt.  
 Then taught to Work, to Dance, to Sing and Play,  
 And vainly triſtle all your Hours away ;  
 Proud that you've learn't the little Arts to pleaſe,  
 As being incapable of more than theſe :  
 Your ſhallow Minds can nothing elſe contain,  
 You were not made for Labours of the Brain ; }  
 Thoſe are the Manly Toils which we ſuſtain. }  
 We, like the Ancient Giants, ſtand on high,  
 And ſeem to bid Deſiance to the Sky,  
 While you poor worthleſs Inſects crawl below,  
 And leſs than Mites t'our exalted Reaſon ſhow.  
 Yet by Compaſſion for your Frailties mov'd,  
 I've ſtrove to make you fit to be belov'd.

*Sir John.* That is a Task exceeds your utmoſt Skill,  
 Spite of your Rules, they will be Women ſtill :  
 Wives are the common Nuſance of the State ; }  
 They all our Troubles, all our Cares create, }  
 And more than Taxes, ruin an Eſtate.  
 Wou'd they, like *Lucifer*, were doom'd to Hell,  
 That we might here without diſturbance dwell,  
 Then we ſhould uncontroul'd our Wealth imploy,  
 Drink high, and take a full Repaſt of Joy :  
 Damn Care, and bravely roar away our Time,  
 And ſtill be buſied in ſome noble Crime.  
 Like to the happier Brutes, live unconfin'd,  
 And freely chuſe among the Female kind.

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So liv'd the mighty Thunderer of old,  
Lov'd as he pleas'd, and scorn'd to be controul'd:  
No Kindred Names his Passion cou'd restrain;  
Like him I'll think all Nice Distinctions vain;  
And tir'd with one, to a new Mistress fly,  
Blest with the Sweets of dear Variety.

*Mel.* To live at large a Punishment wou'd prove  
To one acquainted with the Joys of Love,  
Sincere Affection centers but in one,  
And cannot be to various Objects shown.  
Wou'd Men prove kind, respectful, just and true,  
And unto us their former Vows renew,  
They wou'd have then no Reason to complain,  
But 'till that time Reproofs will be in vain.  
Some few perhaps, whom Virtue has refin'd;  
Who in themselves no vicious Habits find,  
Who sway'd by Reason, and by Honour led,  
May in the Thorny Paths of Duty tread;  
And still unwearied with your utmost Spight,  
In the blest Euges of their Minds delight:  
But still the most will their Resentment show,  
And by deplor'd effects let you their Anger know.

*Sir Wil.* She's in the right. They still wou'd vir-  
(tuous prove,  
Were they but treated with Respect and Love.  
Your barbarous Usage does Revenge produce,  
It makes 'em bad, and is their just Excuse.  
You've set 'em Copies, and dare you repine,  
If they transcribe each black, detested Line?

*Parson.* I dare affirm those Husbands that are ill,  
Were they unmarried, wou'd be faultless still.  
If we are cruel, they have made us so;  
Whate'er they suffer, to themselves they owe:

Our

Our Love on their Obedience does depend,  
We will be kind, when they no more offend.

*Melissa.* Of our Offences who shall Judges be?

*Parf.* For that great Work Heav'n has commif-  
(sion'd me.

I'm made one of his Substitutes below,  
And from my Mouth unerring Precepts flow;  
I'll prove your Duty from the Law Divine,  
Celestial Truth in my Discourse shall shine.  
Truth drest in all the Gaieties of Art,  
In all that Wit can give, or Eloquence impart.  
Attend, attend, the August Message hear,  
Let it imprint a reverential Fear,  
'Twill on your Mind a vital Influence have,  
If while I speak, you're Silent as the Grave.  
The sacred Oracles for deference call,  
When from my Oily Tongue they smoothly fall.  
First, I'll by Reason prove you should obey,  
Next, point you out the most compendious way,  
And then th' important Doctrine I'll improve,  
These are the Steps by which I mean to move.  
And first, because you were by Heav'n design'd  
To be the Comforts of our Nobler Kind:  
For us alone with tempting Graces blest,  
And for our Sakes by bounteous Nature drest.  
With all the choicest Beauties of her Store,  
And made so fine, that she cou'd add no more.  
And dare you now, as if it were in Spight,  
Become our Plagues, when form'd for our Delight?  
Consider next, we are for you accurst,  
We sinn'd, but you, alas! were guilty first.  
Unhappy *Eve* unto her Ruin led,  
Tempted by Pride, on the bright Poyson fed;

Then

Then to her thoughtless Husband gave a Part,  
 He eat, seduc'd by her bewitching Art.  
 And 'twas but just that for so great a Fault  
 She shou'd be to a strict Subjection brought;  
 So strict, her Thoughts should be no more her own,  
 But all Subservient made to him alone.  
 Had she not err'd; her Task had easie been,  
 He ow'd his change of Humour to her Sin.  
 From that unhappy Hour he Peevish grew;  
 And she no more of solid Pleasure knew.  
 His Looks a sullen Haughtiness did wear,  
 And all his Words were Scornful, or Severe;  
 His Mind so rough, Love could not harbour there.  
 The gentle God in haste forsook his Seat,  
 And frighted fled to some more soft Retreat:  
 His Place was by a thousand Ills possess'd,  
 The crouding Dæmons throng'd into his Breast,  
 And left no Room for tender Passions there:  
 His Sons with him in the sad Change did share.  
 His Sourness soon Hereditary grew;  
 And its Effects are still perceiv'd by you.  
 With all your Patience, all your Toil and Art,  
 You scarce can keep the surly Husbands Heart.  
 Your Kindness hardly can Esteem create;  
 Yet do not blame him, since it is his Fate:  
 But on your Mother *Eve* alone reflect;  
 Thank her for his Moroseness and Neglect:  
 Who with a fond indulgent Spouse being blest,  
 And like a Mistress Courted, and Carest,  
 Was not contented with her present State,  
 But must her own Unhappiness create;  
 And by ill practices his Temper spoil,  
 And make what once was easie, prove a Toil.

If you wou'd live as it becomes a Wife,  
 And raise the Honour of a marry'd Life,  
 You must the useful Art of wheedling try,  
 And with his various Humours still comply:  
 Admire his Wit, praise all that he does do,  
 And when he's vex'd, do you be pettish too:  
 When he is sad, a clouded Aspect wear,  
 And talk to him with a dejected Air:  
 When Rage transports him, be as mad as he,  
 And when he's pleas'd, be easie, gay and free.  
 You'll find this Method will effectual prove,  
 Inhance your Merit, and secure his Love.

*Sir John.* It wou'd: But Women will be Cross  
 (and Proud;

When we are merry, Passionate and Loud:  
 When we are angry, then the frolick grow,  
 And Laugh, and Sing, and no Compliance show:  
 In Contradictions they alone delight,  
 Are still a Curst, and never in the Right:  
 By Heav'n I'd rather be an Ape, or Bear.  
 Or live with Beggars in the open Air,  
 Expos'd to Thunder, Lightning, Want or Cold,  
 Than be a Prince, and haunted with a Scold.  
 Those noisy Monsters much more dreadful are,  
 Than threatening Comets, Plagues or bloody War:  
 Grant Providence (if such a thing there be)  
 They never may from Hoarsenesses be free.  
 May on their Tongues as many Blisters grow  
 As they have Teeth; and to increase their Woe,  
 Let their Desires by Signs be still convey'd,  
 And talking be for ever Penal made.

*Parson.* Hold, hold: I can't these Interruptions  
 (bear;  
 If you don't me these sacred Truths revere.

Now,

Now, Madam, I'll instruct you to obey,  
And as I promis'd point you out the way,  
First, to your Husband you your Heart must give,  
He must, alone in your Affection live.

What e'er he is, you still must think him best,  
And boast to all that you are truly blest;  
If Fools should Laugh, and cry 'tis but a Jest,  
Yet still look Grave, and vow you are Sincere,  
And undisturb'd their ill-bred Censures bear.

Do what you can his Kindness to ingage,  
Wink at his Vices, and indulge his Rage.

How vain are Women in their youthful Days,  
How fond of Courtship, and how Proud of Praise,  
What Arts they use, what Methods they devise,  
To be thought Fair, Obliging, Neat and Wise.

But when they're marry'd, they soon careless grow,  
Neglect their Dress, and no more Neatness show:  
Their Charms are lost, their Kindness laid aside,  
Smiles turn'd to Frowns, their Wisdom into Pride,  
And they or Sullen are, or always Chide.

Are these the ways a Husband's Love to gain?  
Or won't they rather helghten his Disdain?  
Make him turn Sor, be troublesome and sad,  
Or if he's Fiery, Cholerick and Mad.

Thus they their Peace industriously destroy,  
And rob themselves of all their promis'd Joy.

Next, unto him you must due Honour pay,  
And at his Feet your Top-knot Glories lay;  
The *Persian* Ladies Chalk you out the way:

They humbly on their Heads a Foot do wear,  
As I have Read, but yet the Lord knows where.  
That Badge of Homage graceful does appear,  
Would the good Custom were in Fashion here.

Also to him you inward Reverence owe;  
 If he's a Fool, you must not think him so;  
 Nor yet indulge one mean contemptuous Thought,  
 Or fancy he can e're commit a Fault.  
 Nor must your Deference be alone confin'd  
 Unto the hid Recesses of your Mind,  
 But must in all your Actions be display'd,  
 And visible to each Spectator made.  
 With him, well pleas'd, and always chearful live,  
 And to him still respectful Titles give.  
 Call him your Lord, and your good Breeding show,  
 And do not rudely too familiar grow:  
 Nor like some Country Matrons call him Names,  
 As *John*, or *Jeffrey*, *William*, *George* or *James*;  
 Or what's much worse, and ne'er to be forgot,  
 Those courser Terms of Sloven, Clown, or Sot;  
 For tho' perhaps they may be justly due,  
 Yet must not, Madam, once be spoke by you:  
 Soft winning Language will become you best;  
 Ladies ought not to Rail, tho' but in Jest.  
 Lastly, to him you Fealty must pay,  
 And his Commands without dispute obey.  
 A blind Obedience you from Guilt secures,  
 And if you err, the Fault is his, not yours.  
 What I have taught you, will not tiresom prove,  
 If as you ought, you can but truly love:  
 Honour and Homage then no Task will be;  
 And we shall, sure, as few ill Husbands see,  
 As now good Wives: They'll Prodigies appear,  
 Like Whales and Comets, shew some danger near.  
 Now to Improvement I with haste will run,  
 Be short in that, and then my Work is done.

To you, Sir, First, I will my self apply,  
 To you, who are more fortunate than I,  
 And yet are free from the dire Gordian Tye.  
 You that Religion ought to love, and praise,  
 Which does you thus above the Females raise;  
 Next me admire, who can such Comments make;  
 And kindly wrest the Scripture for your Sake:  
 And now if you dare try a marry'd State,  
 You'll have no Reason to accuse your Fate,  
 Since I have told 'em, if they be good Wives,  
 They must Submit and flatter all their Lives.  
 You, who already drag the Nuptial Chain,  
 Will now have no occasion to complain,  
 Since they beyond their Sphere no more will tow'r,  
 But for the future own your Sovereign Pow'r:  
 And being induc'd by this Advice of mine,  
 To you their Sense and Liberty resign:  
 Turn Fools and Slaves, that they the more may  
 (please.

Now it is fit for Gifts so vast as these,  
 We should some little Gratitude express,  
 And be more Complaisant in our Address:  
 Bear with their Faults, their weakneses of Mind,  
 When they are Penitent, we shou'd be kind.  
 And that their Faith we may the more secure,  
 For them some Inconveniencies indure:  
 When they're in Danger, their Defenders prove;  
 'Twill shew at once, our Valour, and our Love.  
 But let it be our more immediate Care  
 To make 'em these unerring Rules revere.  
 Bid 'em attentively each Precept read;  
 And tell 'em, they're as holy as their Creed:  
 Be sure each Morning 'ere they Eat or Pray,  
 That they with Care the sacred Lesson say:

This, will our Quiet, and their Souls secure,  
 And both our Happiness, and theirs ensure.  
 I on their Duty cou'd with ease inlarge,  
 But I would not too much their Memories charge:  
 They're weak, and shou'd they over-loaden be,  
 They'll soon forget what has been said by me;  
 Which Heav'n avert! since it much Thought has  
 (cost,  
 And who wou'd have such wond'rous Rhetorick  
 lost?

*Mel.* A Mouse the labouring Mountain does dis-  
 (close,

What rais'd my Wonder, my Derision grows.  
 With mighty Pomp you your Harangue begun,  
 And with big Words my fixt Attention won.  
 Each studied Period was with Labour wrought,  
 But destitute of Reason and of Thought.  
 What you meant Praise upon your selves reflects,  
 Each Sentence is a Satyr on your Sex.  
 If we on you such Obloquies had thrown,  
 We had not, sure, one peaceful Minute known.  
 But you are Wise, and still know what is best,  
 And with your selves may be allow'd to Jest.

*Parf.* How dare you treat me with so much neg-  
 (lect?

My sacred Function calls for more Respect.

*Melissa* I've still rever'd your Order as Divine;  
 And when I see unblemish'd Vertue Shine,  
 When solid Learning, and substantial Sense,  
 Are joyn'd with unaffected Eloquence;  
 When Lives and Doctrines of a Piece are made,  
 And holy Truths with humble Zeal convey'd;  
 When free from Passion, Bigottry and Pride,  
 Not sway'd by Interest, nor to Parties ty'd,

Contemning Riches, and abhorring Strife,  
And shunning all the noisy Poms of Life,  
You live the awful Wonders of your Time,  
Without the least suspicion of a Crime:

I shall with Joy the highest Deference pay,  
And heedfully attend to all you say.

From such, Reproofs shall always welcome prove,  
As being th' Effects of Piety and Love.

But those from me can challenge no Respect,

Who on us all without just Cause reflect:

Who without Mercy all the Sex decry,

And into open Defamations fly:

Who think us Creatures for Derision made,

And the Creator with his Works upbraid:

What he call'd Good, they proudly think not so,

And with their Malice, their Prophaneness show.

'Tis hard we should be by the Men despis'd,

Yet kept from knowing what wou'd make us priz'd:

Exbarr'd from Knowledge, banish'd from the

(Schools,

And with the utmost Industry bred Fools.

Laugh'd out of Reason, jested out of Sense,

And nothing left but Native Innocence:

When told we are incapable of Wit,

And only for the meanest Drudgeries fit:

Made Slaves to serve their Luxury and Pride,

And with innumerable Hardships try'd,

Oh Pitying Heaven release us from our Pain,

And Heav'n to whom alone we dare complain.

'Tis ill-natur'd World will no Compassion show;

Such as are wretched, it wou'd still have so:

It gratifies its Envy and its Spight;

And in others Miseries take Delight.

While we are present they some Pity spare,  
 And Feast us on a thin Repast of Air:  
 Look Grave and Sigh, when we our wrongs relate,  
 An in a Complement accuse our Fate:  
 Blame those to whom we our Misfortunes owe,  
 And all the Signs of real Friendship show.  
 But when we're absent, we their Sport are made  
 They fan the Flame; and our Oppressors aid;  
 Joyn with the Stronger, the Victorious Side,  
 And all our Sufferings, all our Grievs deride.  
 Those generous few, whom kinder Thoughts in  
 (spire

And who the Happiness of all desire;  
 Who wish we were from barbarous Usage free,  
 Exempt from Toils, and shameful Slavery,  
 Yet let us unprov'd, mispend our Hours,  
 And to mean Purposes imploy our nobler Pow'rs.  
 They think if we our Thoughts can but express,  
 And know but how to Work, to Dance and Dress  
 It is enough, as much as we should mind,  
 As if we were for nothing else design'd,  
 But made, like Puppets, to divert Mankind.  
 O that my Sex would all such Toys despise;  
 And only Study to be Good, and Wise;  
 Inspect themselves, and every Blemish find,  
 Search all the close Recesses of the Mind,  
 And leave no Vice, no Ruling Passion there,  
 Nothing to raise a Blush, or cause a Fear:  
 Their Memories with solid Notions fill,  
 And let their Reason dictate to their Will.  
 Instead of Novels, Histories peruse,  
 And for their Guides the wiser Ancients chuse,  
 Thro' all the Labyrinths of Learning go,  
 And grow more humble, as they more do know

By doing this, they will Respect procure,  
 Silence the Men, and lasting Fame secure;  
 And to themselves the best Companions prove,  
 And neither fear their Malice, nor desire their Love.

*Sir Wil.* Had you the Learning you so much desire,  
 You, sure, wou'd nothing, but your selves admire:  
 All our Addresses wou'd be then in vain,  
 And we no longer in your Hearts shou'd Reign:  
 Sighs wou'd be lost, and Ogles cast away,  
 You'd laugh at all we do, and all we say.

No Courtship then durst by the Beaux be made  
 To any thing above a Chamber Maid.  
 Gay Cloaths, and Periwigs wou'd useles prove;  
 None but the Men of Sense wou'd dare to love:  
 With such, Heav'n knows, this Isle does not abound,  
 For one wise Man, Ten thousand Fools are found;  
 Who all must at an awful distance wait,  
 And vainly curse the Rigour of their Fate.

Then blame us not if we our Interest Mind,  
 And would have Knowledge to our selves confin'd,  
 Since that alone Pre-eminence does give,  
 And rob'd of it we should unvalu'd live.

While You are Ignorant, We are secure,  
 A little Pain will your Esteem procure.

Nonsense well cloath'd will pass for solid Sense,  
 And well pronounc'd, for matchless Eloquence:  
 Boldness for Learning, and a foreign Air  
 For nicest Breeding with th' admiring Fair.

*Sir John.* By Heav'n I wish 'twere by the Laws  
 (decreed

They never more should be allow'd to Read.  
 Books are the Bane of States, the Plagues of Life,  
 but both conjoyn'd, when studied by a Wife:

They nourish Factions, and increase Debate,  
 Teach needless things, and causeless Fears create.  
 From Plays and Novels they learn how to Plot,  
 And from your Sermons all their Cant is got :  
 From those they learn the damn'd intrieging way  
 How to attract, and how their Snares to lay :  
 How to delude the Jealous Husband's Care,  
 Silence his Doubts, and lull asleep his Fear :  
 And when discover'd, by the Last they're taught  
 With Shews of Zeal to palliate their Fault ;  
 To look Demure, and talk in such a Strain,  
 You'd swear they never would be ill again.

*Parf.* You're in the right : Good things they mis-  
 (apply ;

Yet not in Books, but them, the Fault does lie :  
 Plays are of use to cultivate our Parts,  
 They teach us how to win our Hearers Hearts :  
 Soft moving Language for the Pulpit's fit,  
 'Tis there we consecrate the Poet's Wit :  
 But Women were not for this Province made,  
 And shou'd not our Prerogative invade ;  
 Whate'er they know shou'd be from us convey'd :  
 We their Preceptors and their Guides shou'd prove,  
 And teach them what to hate, and what to Love.  
 But from our Sermons they no ill can learn,  
 They're there instructed in their true Concern ;  
 Told what they must, and what they must not be ;  
 And shew'd the utmost Bounds of Liberty.

*Sir Wil.* Madam, since we none of your Beauty  
 share,  
 You shou'd content your selves with being Fair :  
 That is a Blessing, much more Great, than all  
 That we can Wiidom, or can Science call :

Such beauteous Faces, such bewitching Eyes,  
 Who wou'd not more than musty Authors prize?  
 Such wondrous Charms will much more Glory  
 (yield

Than all the Honours of the dusty Field :  
 Or all those Ivy Wreaths that Wit can give,  
 And make you more admir'd, more reverenc'd live.  
 To you, the knowing World their Vows do pay,)  
 And at your Feet their learned Trophies lay ; }  
 And your Commands with eager haste obey : }  
 By all my Hopes, by all that's Good I swear, }  
 I'd rather be some celebrated Fair, }  
 Than wise as *Solon*, or than *Cresus* Heir. }  
 Or have my Memory well stuff'd with all  
 Those Whimseys, which they high-rais'd notions  
 (call.

*Melissa*. Beauty's a Trifle merits not my Care. }  
 I'd rather *Aesop*'s ugly Visage wear, }  
 Joyn'd with his Mind, than be a Fool, and Fair. }  
 Brightness of Thought, and an extensive View  
 Of all the Wonders Nature has to shew ;  
 So clear, so strong, and so enlarg'd a Sight  
 As can pierce thro' the gloomy Shades of Night,  
 Trace the first Heroes to their dark Abodes,  
 And find the Origin of Men and Gods :  
 See Empires rise, and Monarchies decay,  
 And all the Changes of the World survey :  
 The ancient and the modern Fate of Kings,  
 From whence their Glory, or Misfortunes springs ;  
 Wou'd please me more, that if in one combind,  
 I'd all the Graces of the Female Kind.  
 But do not think 'tis an ambitious Heat,  
 To you I'll leave the being Rich and Great:

Yours be the Fame, the Profit, and the Praise;  
 We'll neither Rob you of your Vines, nor Bays:  
 Nor will we to Dominion once aspire;  
 You shall be Chief, and still your selves admire:  
 The Tyrant Man may still possess the Throne;  
 'Tis in our Minds that we wou'd Rule alone:  
 Those unseen Empires give us leave to sway,  
 And to our Reason private Homage pay:  
 Our struggling Passions within Bounds confine,  
 And to our Thoughts their proper Tasks assign.  
 This, is the Use we wou'd of Knowledge make,  
 You quickly wou'd the good Effects partake.  
 Our Conversations it wou'd soon refine,  
 And in our Words, and in our Actions shine:  
 And by a pow'rful Influence on our Lives,  
 Make us good Friends, good Neighbours, and good  
 (Wives.

Of this, some great Examples have been shown,  
 Women remarkable for Virtue known:  
 Jealous of Honour, and upright of Life,  
 Serene in Dangers, and averſe to Strife:  
 Patient when wrong'd, from Pride and Envy free,  
 Strangers to Falsehood and to Calumny;  
 Of every noble Quality poſſeſt:  
 Well ſkill'd in Science, and with Wiſdom bleſt.  
 In ancient Greece, where Merit ſtill was crown'd,  
 Some ſuch as theſe in her Records were found.  
 Rome her *Lucretia*, and her *Porcia* ſhow,  
 And we to her the ſam'd *Cornelia* owe;  
 A Place with them does Great *Zenobia* claim;  
 With theſe I cou'd ſome modern Ladies Name,  
 Who help to fill the bulky Liſts of Fame:  
 Women renown'd for Knowledge, and for Senſe,  
 For ſparkling Wit, and charming Eloquence.

But

But they're enough ; at least to make you own, }  
 If we less Wise and Rational are grown, }  
 'Tis owing to your Management alone. }  
 If like th' Ancients you wou'd generous prove,  
 And in our Education shew your Love ;  
 Into our Souls wou'd noble Thoughts instill,  
 Our Infant-Minds with bright Ideas fill :  
 Teach us our Time in Learning to imploy,  
 And place in solid Knowledge all our Joy :  
 Perswade us trifling Authors to refuse,  
 And when we think, the useful't Subjects chuse :  
 Inform us how a prosperous State to bear,  
 And how to Act when Fortune is severe :  
 We shou'd be Wiser, and more blameless live,  
 And less occasion for your Censures give :  
 At least in us less Failings you wou'd see,  
 And our Discourses wou'd less tiresom be :  
 Tho Wit like yours we never hope to gain, }  
 Yet from Impertinence we should refrain, }  
 And learn to be less Talkative and Vain. }  
 Unto the strictest Rules we should submit,  
 And what we ought to do, think always fit.  
 Never dispute, when Duty leads the way,  
 But its Commands without a Sigh Obey.  
 To Reason, not to Humour, give the Reins,  
 And be the same in Palaces and Chains.  
 But you our humble Suit will still decline ;  
 To have us wise was never your Design :  
 You'll keep us Fools, that we may be your Jest ;  
 They who know least, are ever treated best.  
 If we do well, with Care it is conceal'd ;  
 But every Error, every Fault's reveal'd :  
 While to each other you still partial prove,  
 Can see no Failures, and even Vices love.

The bloody Masters of the martial Trade,  
 Are prais'd for Mischiefs, and for Murders pay'd.  
 The noisy Lawyers, if they can but bawl,  
 Soon grace the Wool-sacks, and adorn the Hall.  
 The envy'd Great, those darling Sons of Fame,  
 Who carry a Majestick Terrour in their Name;  
 Who like the Demy Gods are plac'd on High,  
 And seem th' exalted Natives of the Sky:  
 Who sway'd by Pride, and by Self-love betray'd,  
 Are Slaves to their imperious Passions made,  
 Are with a Servile Awe by you rever'd:  
 Prais'd for their Follies, for their Vices fear'd.  
 The Courtier, who with every Wind can veer,  
 And midst the Mounting Waves can safely steer;  
 Who all can flatter; and with wond'rous grace,  
 Low cringing Bows, and a designing Face,  
 A smiling Look, and a dissembl'd Hate,  
 Can hug a Friend, and hasten on his Fate,  
 Has your Applause; his Policy you praise;  
 And to the Skies his prudent Conduct raise.  
 The Scholar, if he can a Verb decline,  
 And has the Skill to reckon Nine times Nine,  
 Or but the Nature of a Fly define;  
 Can Mouth some Greek, and knows where *Athens*  
 stood,  
 Tho' he perhaps is neither Wise, nor Good,  
 Is fit for *Oxford*; where when he has been,  
 Each College view'd, and each grave Doctor seen,  
 He mounts a Pulpit, and the exalted Height  
 Makes Vapours dance before his troubl'd Sight,  
 And he no more can see, nor think aright.  
 Yet such as these your Consciences do Guide,  
 And o're your Actions and your Words preside.

Blame you for Faults which they themselves com-  
 (mit,  
 Arraign your Judgment, and condemn your Wit:  
 Infil their Notions with the greatest Ease,  
 And Hood-wink'd lead you where so e'er they  
 (please:

The formal Justice, and the jolly Knight,  
 Who in their Money place their chief delight;  
 Who watch the Kitchin, and survey the Field,  
 To see what each will to their Luxury yield:  
 Who Eat and Pun, then Quarrel, Rail and Drink,  
 But never are at leisure once to Think:

Who weary of Domestick Cares being grown,  
 And yet, like Children, frighted when alone,  
 (Detesting Books) still Hunt, or Hawk, or Play;  
 And in laborious Trifles waste the Day,  
 Are lik'd by you, their Actions still approv'd,  
 And if they're Rich, are sure to be belov'd.

These are the Props, the Glory of the State,  
 And on their Nod depends the Nations Fate:

These weave the Nets, where little Flies betray'd,  
 Are Victims to relentless Justice made,  
 While they themselves condemn the Snares that  
 they have laid;

As Bonds too weak such mighty Men to hold  
 As scorn to be by any Laws controul'd.

Physicians with hard Words and haughty Looks,  
 And promis'd Health, bait their close-cover'd Hooks:  
 Like Birds of Prey, while they your Gold can scent,  
 You are there Care, their utmost help is lent;  
 But when your Guineas cease, you to the Spaw  
 are sent,

Yet still you Court 'em, think you cannot die  
 If you've a Son of *Æsculapeus* by.

The

The Tradesmen you Cares, altho you know  
 They wealthy by their Cheats and Flatteries grow;  
 You seem to credit every Word they say,  
 And as they sell, with the same Conscience pay:  
 Nay to the Mob, those Dregs of Humane kind,  
 Those Animals you slight, you're wond'rous kind;  
 To them you Cringe, and tho they are your Sport,  
 Yet still you fawn, and still their Favour Court.  
 Thus on each other daily you impose,  
 And all for Wit, and dextrous Cunning goes.  
 'Tis we alone hard Measure still must find;  
 But spite of you, we'll to our selves be kind:  
 Your Censures slight, your little Tricks despise,  
 And make it our whole Business to be wise.  
 The mean low trivial Cares of Life disdain,  
 And read and Think, and Think and Read again,  
 And on our Minds bestow the utmost Pain.  
 Our Souls with strictest Morals we'll adorn,  
 And all your little Arts of wheedling Scorn;  
 Be humble, mild, forgiving, just and true,  
 Sincere to all, respectful unto you,  
 While as becomes you, sacred Truths you teach,  
 And live those Sermons you to others Preach.  
 With want of Duty none shall us upbraid,  
 Where-e'er 'tis due, it shall be nicely pay'd.  
 Honour and Love we'll to our Husbands give,  
 And ever Constant and Obedient live:  
 If they are Ill, we'll try by gentle ways  
 To lay those Tempests which their Passions raise;  
 But if our soft Submissions are in vain,  
 We'll bear our Fate, and never once complain:  
 Unto our Friends the tenderest kindness show,  
 Be wholly theirs, no separate Interest know:

With

With them their Dangers and their Suff'rings share,  
 And make their Persons, and their Fame our Care.  
 The Poor we'll feed, to the Distress'd be kind,  
 And strive to Comfort each afflicted Mind.  
 Visit the Sick, and try their Pains to ease;  
 Not without Grief the meanest Wretch displease:  
 And by a Goodness as diffus'd as Light,  
 To the pursuit of Virtue all invite.

Thus will we live, regardless of your hate,  
 Till re-admitted to our former State;  
 Where, free from the Confinement of our Clay  
 In glorious Bodies we shall bask in Day,  
 And with inlightned Minds new Scenes survey.  
 Scenes, much more bright than any here below,  
 And we shall then the whole of Nature know;  
 See all her Springs, her secret Turnings view,  
 And be as knowing, and as wise as you.  
 With generous Spirits of a Make Divine,  
 In whose blest Minds Celestial Virtues shine,  
 Whose Reason, like their Station, is sublime,  
 And who see clearly thro' the Mists of Time,  
 Those puzzling Glooms where busy Mortals stray,  
 And still grope on, but never find their way.  
 We shall, well-pleas'd, eternally converse,  
 And all the Sweets of Sacred Love possess:  
 Love, freed from all the gross Allays of Sense,  
 So pure, so strong, so constant, so intense,  
 That it shall all our Faculties imploy,  
 And leave no Room for any thing but Joy.

F I N I S.

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Uſeful Tranſactions in Philoſophy and other ſorts  
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## A Table to the Transactions for *January* and *February*.

I. **A**N Essay on the Invention of Samplers, communicated by Mrs. *Judith Bagford*, with an Account of her Collections for the same. By Mrs. *Arabella Manly*, School-Mistress at *Hackney*.

II. Some natural Observations made in the School of *Llandwfwrhwy*. By R. P. during his Residence there.

III. An Essay proving by Arguments Philosophical, that *Millers*, tho' falsely so reputed, yet in reality are not Thieves: With an intervening Argument, that *Taylor's* likewise are not so. In a Letter to Dr. *Harborough* from Dr. *Williams*.

IV. An Account of Books, in Letters to Dr *Littlebrand* to Dr *Playford*: With an Account of *Meursius's* Treatise of the *Grecian Games*.

V. An Account of *Meursius's* Book of the Plays of the *Grecian Boys*, in a second Letter.

VI. A new Method to teach learned Men how to write Unintelligibly: Being Collections of *Softlinius* an *Italian*, *Bardowlius* and *Bardocoxcombius*, One Poet Laureat to K. *Ludd*, the other to Q. *Bonduca*, *Scornsensius* an *Egyptian*, &c. communicated by Mr *Loveit* to Mr *Lackit*.

## A Table to *March* and *April*.

I. **T**HE Eunuch's Child, with some important Queries, whether a Woman according to Justice, and any Principles of Philosophy, may lay a Child to an Eunuch: As the matter was argu'd between the Church-Wardens of *Santo Chrysostomo* in *Venice*, and the learned Academy of the *Curiosi* there; occasion'd by an Accident of that Nature happening to *Seignior Valentio Crimpaldi*, Knt. of the Order of the *Caponi*.

II. The Tongue. New Additions to Mr *Anthony Van Leeuwenhoeck's* Microscopical Observations upon the Tongue, and the White Matter on the Tongues of Feverish Persons. In which are shew'd the several Particles proper for *Pratling*, *Tatling*, *Pleading*, *Haranguing*, *Lying*, *Flattering*, *Scolding*, and other such like Occasions, communicated by Dr. *Testy*, &c.